

A BRILLIANT CAREER.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written
For The Catholic Journal.
BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I left the choice to you as I knew you would be able to judge almost as well as myself who would please me, so I wish you had spoken to her before I came. It would really be a great disappointment to me if I lost her now."

"I have no fear of that, mother, for Beatrice will be only too happy to accept the position."

"I hope so, but she will have little time to get ready now."

"When do you expect to go?"

"I must leave here by the morning train, and we are to sail the first of next week."

When Beatrice learned the plans that had been made for her she was highly elated, and felt that she could be ready to start on an hour's notice. Going to Europe with Mrs. Mayburn was all she thought of. The effects of her early training returned, and forgetting that she was to be a hired companion, it almost seemed that she was going as an equal. Then the reality of the present and the duty of the next few days came back to her, and she thought of sister Cecilia doing double work while she herself was enjoying the pleasure which should have been Magdalen's. The thought made her sad and her face showed it.

"What is it, Beatrice? Surely you will not disappoint mother," said sister Cecilia, "when her mind is really set on taking you with her?"

"I was not thinking of that. Indeed, sister, I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your mother's kindness, but I was thinking of you."

"Of me, what were you thinking of?"

"Your mother says I must go tomorrow and just think of the work we have to do before the close of school."

"I know, Beatrice, there is a great deal to be done, but you should not think of that now."

"It would be very unkind of me not to think of it when you have worked so hard all through the year."

"It will be all over in a few days and then I can rest."

"Yes, sister, I know it will, but our work is increasing toward the close of school, and there will be far more than you can begin to attend to, so it would not be right to leave you."

"Not even when I wish it for my own dear mother's sake as well as your own?"

"Oh, sister, it is so hard to decide. I appreciate your mother's kind offer more than I can tell you, and if it were only a little later and school were closed I would not hesitate."

"No need of your hesitating as it is. There are others to take up the work you will leave. As for myself I appreciate your labors during the past year, I can easily finish the year without you, so you must not disappoint dear mother whose mind is set on taking you with her."

"But what will sister Superior say? you know she hired me for the year and I feel it my duty to remain until my time is up."

"I have spoken to her about it, and like myself she is willing; yes, and glad that you have been offered such a splendid chance."

"You seem to be in favor of my leaving you," said Beatrice, smiling, "so I will go, but I will not forget your many kindnesses to me."

"You are right, Beatrice, and I promise you that in my mother you will find a true mother."

"I am glad of that for I have learned the sad lesson that it is hard for a girl who has been brought up in a good home to be thrown on the world among strangers. I did not have reason to feel it while I have been among you, but last year I felt it keenly." "Poor girl!" thought sister Cecilia, "she has suffered for Christ but I trust it is over now, for since mother has learned her story and taken to her I have little fear for her future."

Sister Cecilia was right, for it was not long ere Mrs. Mayburn became fully aware that the young lady she had hired was in many ways her equal, and she felt obliged to treat her as an own daughter rather than as a menial. In her first letter to her daughter sent from Paris, she spoke of Beatrice in the kindest terms which told how dear she already was to her.

"It is such a pleasure," she wrote, "to have such a companion, one who is educated and who, understanding

the beauties of the Old World can fully appreciate them, and even explain many things I myself could not understand. She seems so familiar with many of the places that I thought she must have visited them before, but she assured me that her knowledge came only from study and from what her mother had told her of her own travels. Everything goes to prove that her mother was a lady of culture and refinement who brought up her daughters well according to her own light, but it is really sad to think of her disowning so noble hearted a girl simply because she insisted upon following the dictates of her own conscience."

Much more was written in praise of Beatrice, and on various other topics, and then closed with the information that they were to leave Paris the following day to go to Eugene, who, ere this letter had reached his sister would have the title M. D. affixed to his name.

In two weeks another letter came which was filled with a full account of the brother's last days in college and with it came a photograph of the young physician, who, from an overgrown boy had developed into handsome man since he left home. He was traveling now with his parents, and they would have enjoyed having him with them immensely had it not been for the fact that he had insisted upon bringing his books with him and he spent too much time in study. In every city they visited his chief interest seemed to be visiting hospitals, and he cared little for the company of young people, ladies especially. The only one to whom he gave any attention whatever was Beatrice, in whom he took quite a brotherly interest, treating her like one of themselves, fully ignoring the fact that she was hired, and Mrs. Mayburn was pleased with this, for she would not wish it otherwise. That her son felt anything deeper than a mere friendly regard for the girl never once entered her mind.

As weeks lengthened into months and letters after letters came to sister Cecilia from abroad, each containing some kind word from Beatrice, she became more and more of the belief that one bright plan of hers had succeeded. Knowing how much Beatrice had sacrificed, and remembering at the same time her own beautiful home which seemed so empty, she had hoped and prayed that in some way it might be brought about that the girl might sometime find a shelter there; and before receiving the letter in which her mother had asked for a companion, she had resolved to introduce Beatrice to her on her first visit, and appeal to her charity in her behalf.

Two years passed, and the Mayburns were still abroad, but they were now expected home before long. With the exception of a few weeks occasionally spent with his parents, Eugene had been in a Paris hospital most of the time, but his time there would soon be up, then he was coming home to practice his profession in his native city. Toward the close of a most confidential letter written to his sister the young doctor had informed her that Beatrice had promised to marry him shortly after her return and his parents were well pleased with his choice. For the present the engagement was to be kept secret, but it would be announced as soon as they reached Philadelphia.

"God bless the boy," sister Cecilia said when she read it. "He has chosen well and I know they cannot help being very happy together. Mother too, will have a true and kind daughter after her own heart."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Rome at last, and this time to say farewell to the Holy City with its many grand churches, tombs or martyrs and other monument of Christian antiquity before returning to their native land. One of the ambitious dreams of Beatrice's life from early childhood had been to visit Rome, first from a strong desire to see the home of her ideal, Beatrice Cenci, but later with the dawn of light of the true faith that ideal had gradually faded away and she had learned to see the bold character in her real deformity. Love for her had given place of disgust, and nearly two years ago she had stood with the spirit of a true Catholic on the holy ground where many a Christian maiden had stood before, and thanked God for the light which had made her, in truth, a sister to them. She had gone with Eugene to visit the galleries of which her mother had told her, and in them had recognized many a familiar painting, but memories caused a sickening sensation to come over her, and she was glad to escape from them to the holy soli-

tude of a church where the pictures were of a more elevating character.

It was the month of May and several months had been spent in London, but the travelers did not wish to leave the Old World without a farewell visit to the City of Martyrs. Eugene was the most interested, for he was about to witness, at the Jesuit Chapel, the ordination of a dear friend whose acquaintance he had made on his way across from America. During the voyage the two had become fast friends, and although widely separated while preparing to fill their different vocations for life, that friendship had never been forgotten. The young ecclesiastic had been unable to leave college to attend Eugene's graduation, but his heart had been with him, and he had sent him a long and affectionate letter with his regrets. The letter Beatrice had been privileged to read for Mrs. Mayburn, but as it was signed simply "George," and as through mere carelessness no other name was ever mentioned in her presence, she never suspected who George was. She had been told, that, like herself, he had once enjoyed wealth and position and he had lost all for Christ's sake because he had dared to adopt a religion different from his parents. Unlike herself in one thing he had been a lower form of religion and he had arisen, first, to episcopalianism, where he had spent several years as a minister, then failing to find the true consolation he hoped for, he had finally entered the Catholic church and commenced studying for the priesthood.

The story was filled with interest for Beatrice, and she never tired of hearing Eugene talk of him, but there is so little in a name that she never thought of him as anyone but George, and it never occurred to her to ask who he was.

Only a few of the nearest relatives of the candidates for Holy Orders were permitted to attend the ordination, but as George had not one of his own to be near him on this, the happiest day of his life, tickets were easily secured for the Mayburns. The chapel was thronged long before the appointed hour, and as our party were a little late, they were obliged to remain quite a distance back, so they could not see the faces of the young men distinctly. Eugene pointed out his friend when he entered, and for an instant Beatrice thought she recognized him as someone she had known before, but under the deep impression made upon her by the holy solemnity of the ceremony the identity was lost. It was the first ordination she had ever witnessed; and she was wrapt in holy contemplation as she gazed upon the scene, watching the ceremony as step by step it progressed, until at last it was over, and robed in the full vestments of their sacred office the young men had left the sanctuary.

The people were now approaching the altar to receive the blessings of the newly made priests, and Beatrice at Eugene's side was one of the first to kneel. Eugene had hoped to be the first to receive the blessing of his friend, but another claimed the privilege. The priest's eyes had fallen upon his fair companion and had met her gaze of happy surprise; he raised his hands in blessing over the head of Beatrice and afterwards as he bent to whisper a word of welcome to her, Eugene heard her say:

"Thank you, Father Lenton, I congratulate you on your sacred choice, and wish you every happiness Heaven can bestow."

When they were outside Eugene said, "Beatrice, were you acquainted with Father Lenton?"

"Acquainted with him, yes, he was once our own minister when I attended the Episcopal church at home and was a most intimate friend of our family until he left us to become a Catholic."

"That accounts for his giving you the first blessing for which I felt a little inclined to be jealous. He was right, for you had the best right to it."

That afternoon our party called on him who now rightfully bore the title of Father Lenton, and naturally Beatrice was the first one for whom he had words of greeting.

"I hope," said the priest, turning to Eugene, "that you did not feel hurt because I turned from you to give my first blessing to Mrs. Snow. She was once one of the dearest members of my flock, and I was so glad to see her at my ordination, when I believed that my old friends had all forsaken me, that I could not help it."

(To be continued.)

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Here and There Through Ireland.

Written for The Catholic Journal
By The Shaughraun.

(Continued from last week.)

On the way up to "that beautiful city called Cork" the glories and resources of its wonderful haven are eloquently borne in upon the traveler—but if it would only smell a little sweeter in the hot summer days! Now and again through the car windows would come a whiff of air which kept one—well, small bound. A glimpse of Spike Island and its prison, with recollections of its history, superadded to the afore mentioned malodorous breeze, did not put me perhaps in the fittest mood to appreciate my introduction to the Queen of the Lee. There was a time when Corkonians sang:

"Limerick was, Dublin is, and Cork the finest city of the three," shall be and for all I know, they sing it now—but what about that sombre straight laced dame Belfast? "Rebel Cork" was till a few short years ago, the second city in all Ireland; but she—as far as material prosperity goes—now follows in the wake of Belfast. She is however "a beautiful city," a Catholic city, and her unrivalled harbor, coupled with the industry of her inhabitants preclude the possibility of falling far in the rear of her northern rival. It would be hard to find in Ireland a town so dear to its citizens as is Cork. One Corkonian with an imagination that did him credit, even if it were a little out of perspective speaks of Athens as "the Cork of Greece." You should hear an exile from Cork refer to "Patrick St.," the Custom House, "and the 'River Lee'" his heart goes out in his voice.

There are many handsome buildings, churches and bridges in the city, prosperous looking warehouses and wharves. It is the center of the Irish bacon and butter trade, as well as of other important industries. The Corkonians are a merry hearted lot, typical Munster men, and, in the main, profoundly nationalist. This last characteristic earned for their native city the sobriquet "Rebel Cork"—one of which they are exceedingly proud. As in most of the other Irish towns to be visited, Cork appeared to have its share of poverty and squalor and here is one redeeming feature however about poverty in Ireland, viz: the philosophy, not to say humor, with which it is borne by those most affected by it. It's a queer lot of want and sorrow which can effectually suppress the bubbling good spirits of the true Milesian. "Openings" are few in Ireland, and for these competition is of the keenest order, thus nearly two thirds of the population to-day, like generations of their forefathers expect very few of the good things of this life—and they are not disappointed. Needless to say their poverty must be traced to different sources to listlessness, "cussedness" or lack of ability, else "what are we to think of the material success of Irishmen, once they leave Ireland."

I spent two days in Cork, and the best part of another at the neighboring village of Blarney, with its world famed "grove" and "Blarney stone." Like thousands of others who did not "believe" in or if they did had no need of an accession of volubility—I kissed the famous stone, which forever after was to make me a prince among "de-luthers" and "an out-an-outer" to be let alone." Two stones in the old castle contend for the honor of being the "original Blarney stone," but only one is "conveniently" kissable—the granite block on the top of the turret. The other stone lower down the tower on which is the Latin inscription; "Cormac MacCarthy, Fortis me fieri, fecit, A.D. 1446," which a witty visitor once liberally translated as "Cormac MacCarthy, build as bricks, Made me in fourteen forty six," would require, in the words of Sir Boyle Roche, "a bird or an ascot 12 feet long, suspended by his feet from the summit of the tower, to kiss it." It would be safe to say that all the thousands of cynics who have visited Blarney not one has come away without openly or covertly kissing the magic stone. If they did "not believe in it," they certainly wanted to.

As for the groves of Blarney they form an ideal retreat for the poet and lover or anyone else for that matter. There are more beautiful places in the world—Blarney's post notwithstanding—but they lack the associations of Blarney's "groves" with

"The gravel walks there, for special then conversation, in sweet solitude"

and after one had kissed the stone which made him "to grow eloquent." The lake at Blarney

"That is stored with perches, And comely certain the verdant mud, has its romance too (what in Ireland has not?) They say that from this lake enchanted cows, snow-white and of wondrous beauty, come forth in the summer mornings and wander among the dewy meads. So far the legend, then up crops the wag with the suggestion that "the Irish cows take this matutinal stroll simply to challenge the admiration of the celebrated Irish bulls." Beneath the dark waters of this lake also "lies the plate chest of the MacCarthy, big as a goose-meter, and never to be raised, until once again, a MacCarthy shall be lord of Blarney." It strikes me the plate will be in a fairly rusty condition after that denouement—not but what there are plenty of MacCarthy's thereabouts good enough to be lords or dukes for that matter.

Another suburb of Cork is Shandon which—Father Prout immortalized in his poem "The Bells of Shandon." I am not so sure that the church spire of the village contains more than one little bell, but that is beside the point. We must concede the post a degree of license, or indeed a half a dozen degrees if he verifies as usually as did Father Prout. In the city of Cork the proportion of Protestants in the population is about 16 per cent considerably higher than throughout the county. The Catholic churches, including the Cathedral, rank among the finest ecclesiastical structures in Ireland, this is especially true of St. Mary's, St. Peter and Paul's, and St. Vincent de Paul's. The court house is an elegant building in the Grecian style with a corinthian portico some thirty feet high. Another fine building is the bank of Ireland; but to enumerate all the architectural triumphs within the "city walls" would absorb too much of the space allotted me. On the outskirts of the city one gets a foretaste of typical Irish scenes; the wrinkled old woman with her oriel of turf peeping out from beneath her holy shawl, the shy bare legged colleen scuttling down the barren to her humble cottage home, at the approach of strangers, the tattered demagogue gossamer with his jaunty smile as he sits beside the jaunting car in a pair of his father's "brogues," the peripatetic goat, the madcap "Jack" (donkey) and the swaggering pig. As for this last, in my previous days at home, I had never noticed how truly Irish he was. Would any Irish scene be complete without him? What the sparrow is to England and America, the pig is to Ireland—only much more. He is like the sparrow inasmuch as no place is sacred from him. You meet him in the village street, he disputes your entrance to the cabin door (and why not, since he is credited with paying the rent of the place) you find him nosing round ancient Abbey ruins and Round Towers; and indeed he would enter the sacred fane itself during service, did he think there were anything inside in the shape of eatables worthy of his notice. There's a "devil you care" look and gait about an Irish porker which defy reproduction by either brush or pen. He is the monarch of all he surveys and sometimes adopts energetic measures to impress this fact on those who attempt to ignore it, as an incident in which I figured personally later on in this tour will show. I was paying a visit to the college of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Stillorgan on the outskirts of Dublin. On my way from the station I had to cross a field surrounded on the four sides by a "stone hedge." As I dropped over the stile I noticed away up the field a bouncing pig cutting the most comical capers imaginable. Before I reached the opposite stile he sighted me and careered over the grass in my direction, uttering every now and again vigorous grunts. However when he got so far of the stile and seeing that I was out of his reach, he simply screwed up his trail in a few knots, flapped his big ears and spoke to himself in Irish a bit. I was amused but did not regard him as dangerous, and after giving him the "top of the morning" I proceeded to the College, and forgot all about him. But just as I was taking farewell of the Rector, he said: "Oh by the way, you have to cross a field on your way to the station in which is kept a particularly dirty and dangerous pig—keep a sharp look out for him." And I did.

On reaching the stile I recognized and found the "craiyther" stationed at what might be compared to the point of a triangle, while I had to make my way along the base. Every thing seemed in my favor and also

I walked briskly from the stile, not approaching any danger, but got 50 yards however before he sighted me and commenced coming down on me "with all his might" my school days I had enjoyed reputation as a sprinter—I was best foot first and kept him the next 300 yards and even then my foot out out to top him, still, before "bang, crack, bang" it came that pig of a colleen, who were both "winded" and once I had been "winded" I did not want to signalize my victory by allowing the defeated one to wither. It was a case of Van Vliet's forty racial knew my destination, the opposite stile and he lost ground in the process of heading me off.

Next week we shall visit the immortal lakes of Killarney—oh, never new—and thence our journey continues through county Kerry to Tralee, then on to Limerick, Kilmallock and Dublin. After that we go West to Athlone, Galway, Connemara, Roscommon, Donegal and Sligo, from which port we take the "big boat" to Liverpool and thence complete our signing wanderings through Bell Isle.

To be continued.

C. M. B. A.

Installation of a New Branch at
Chenabuse, N. Y.

Branch 266, C. M. B. A. was installed on Tuesday evening, Sept. 22nd, at Chenabuse, N. Y., with 35 charter members. Grand Sec. Ryan of Syracuse, N. Y., was the principal speaker, and James Price of Malone, N. Y., was the installing officer, assisted by several members from Malone, N. Y. After the installation Grand Sec. Ryan delivered a very able address, he was followed by Rev. Father Murphy, Brother Price and others from the surrounding branches.

In Memoriam.

Resolutions adopted by Div. A. A. on the death of J. P. Richard.

Whereas, Divine Providence has called out of this world our brother and beloved brother J. P. Richard, who was a devoted member of the C. M. B. A. and a faithful worker in the cause of the Church, we, the members of the C. M. B. A. do hereby resolve that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the priest in charge of our late brother, that they be placed upon the minutes of this division, published in the Catholic Journal.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

One of the most important vaudeville is announced as next week's headliner at the Cook Opera House. This is George Primrose, who has received for his services a salary of \$1,000. The famous comedian will sing and give famous poetry of motion pictures. He is assisted in his act by the "Foxy Brothers" who, among other things, give a reproduction of the famous "Top of the Morning" scene. He has appeared in many of the leading vaudeville houses and every theatre in which he has appeared have broken all records for attendance during his engagement. A strong bill of vaudeville including Barker dogs, will be given as usual.

BAKER THEATRE.

The greatest and only Scottish play in America, the famous "Kilnsey" will be the special attraction at the Baker Theatre next Sunday evening, Sept. 27th.

"The Winning Hand" the most sensational success in vaudeville will be seen at the Baker Theatre, Sept. 28, 29 and 30, bargain days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

On account of the weather at Holy Sepulchre, the New York State Fair will be closed on Sunday.